

O D E

TO

Mr. PINCHBECK,

UPON HIS NEWLY INVENTED

PATENT CANDLE-SNUFFERS,

By MALCOLM M'GREGGOR, Esq;

Author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS, and the
Heroic Postscript.

Quousque ergo frustra pascemus ignigenum istum? Apuleii Met. Lib. 7.

Why should a Patent be granted to this Candle-Snuffer in vain?

THE FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. ALMON, opposite Burlington-House, Piccadilly.
MDCCCLXXVI.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]



ADVERTISEMENT.

EVER since my first Publication, the Curiosity, not to say Anxiety, of the World concerning my Name, has been so great, that it has frequently given me Pain to conceal what the World will now see it was not possibly in my Power to discover.

In short, I had no Name, till the Royal Favour lately restored my very antient and honourable Clan to its pristine Title and Honours. I was therefore in the same deplorable Case with a certain nameless Lady, whom I have long had the Honour to call my Neighbour, and who, I sincerely hope, will soon, by the same Favour, be restored to that Title, which, upon my Honour, I believe, she has erroneously, and not intentionally forfeited.

I have only to add, that now, when the Public is in possession of my real Name, it will not, I hope, suffer any national Prejudice to prevent it from receiving

this my first Lyrical Attempt with its former Candour. But I must needs say, that if this Ode does not fell as well as Mr. CUMBERLAND's, I shall be apt to impute it, not to any inferiority of Lyrical Ordonance, but merely to its having been written by a Scotchman.

Knightsbridge, May 6, 1776.

O D E

T O

Mr. P I N C H B E C K.

I. .

ILLUSTRIOUS PINCHBECK ! condescend,
Thou well-belov'd, and best King's-Friend,
These Lyric Lines to view ;
O ! may they prompt thee, e'er too late,
To snuff the Candle of the State,
That burns a little blue.

B

It

II.

It once had got a stately Wick,
 When in its Patent Candlestick
 The Revolution put it;
 As well as Wax we saw it shine
 Thro' two whole Lengths of BRUNSWICK's Line,
 'Till B--- first dar'd to smut it.

III.

Since then----but wherefore tell the Tale?
 Enough, that now it burneth pale,
 And forely wastes its Tallow:
 Nay, if thy Poet rightly weens,
 (Though little skill'd in Ways and Means)
 Its Save-all is but shallow.

IV.

Come then, ingenious Artift, come,
 And put thy Finger, and thy Thumb,
 Into each polish'd Handle;
 On thee alone our Hopes depend,
 Thy King's, and eke thy Country's Friend,
 To trim Old England's Candle.

V.

But first we pray, for its Relief,
Pluck from its Wick, each Tory Thief,
It else must quickly rue it ;
* While N---- and M---- sputter there,
Thou'lt ne'er prevent with all thy Care,
The melting of the Suet.

VI.

There's TWITCHER too, that old He-witch,
Sticks in its Bole as black as Pitch,
† And makes a filthy pother ;
When curst with such a sorry Fiend,
And lighted too at either End,
'Twill soon be in a smother.

* These Initials, like those in the Banns of Marriage published between N. and M. may be filled up at the Reader's Pleasure.

Vide Common Prayer Book.

† Our ingenious Inventor's Snuffers are peculiarly calculated to remedy this evil, to which indeed all Candles are more or less subject.

See the Patentee's Advertisement.

I fear

VII.

I fear me much in such a plight,
 Those Tapers blest would lose their Light,
 Canadian Fanes that deck ;
 Which pious --*--- ordains to blaze,
 And gild with their establish'd Rays,
 Our Lady of Quebec.

VIII.

† His Arms, thou hallowed Image ! blest,
 And surely thou canst do no less,
 He is thy Faith's Defender ;
 Thou owest thy Place to him alone,
 As other Jacobites have done,
 And not to the Pretender.

† It is humbly presumed, that the classical Reader will here perceive a boldness of Transition only to be equalled by PINDAR, and perhaps by HORACE in some of his sublimer Odes.

IX.

Haste then, and quash the hot Turmoil,
That flames in Boston's angry Soil,
And frights the Mother-Nation :
Know, Lady ! if its Rage you stop,
PINCHBECK shall send you, from his Shop,
A most superb Oblation.

X.

His Patent-snuffers, in a Dish
Of burnish'd Gold ; if more you wish,
His Cyclops shall bestir
Their brawny Stumps, and for thy sake,
Of PINCHBECK's own Mixt-metal make
A huge Extinguisher.

XI.

To form the Mass -----, thy Zeal
Shall furnish that well-temper'd Steel,
Thou didst at Minden brandish ;
Nor yet shall G--'s reverend Dean,
Counting its Worth, refuse, I ween,
His ponderous leaden Standish.

XII.

Poor Doctor JOHNSON, I'm afraid,
 Can give but metaphoric Aid ;
 His Style's case-harden'd Graces :
 M' PHERSON, without Shame, or Fear,
 Sir JOHN DALRYMPLE, and SHEBBEARE
 Shall melt their brazen Faces.

XIII.

And fure, this mixt metallic Stuff,
 Will yield Materials large enough
 To mold the mighty Cone ;
 But how transport it, when 'tis cast
 Acrofs the deep Atlantic Vast,
 'Twill weigh some thousand Stone ?

XIV.

“ Leave that to me” our Lady cries,
 “ Howe'er gigantic be its Size,
 “ I have a Scheme in petto ;
 “ I'll fly with it from Shore to Shore,
 “ Safe as my footy Sifter bore,
 “ Her Cottage to Loretto.

XV.

“ Swift to the Congress with my Freight
 “ I’ll speed, and on their Heads its Weight
 “ Soufe with fuch Skill and Care ;
 “ That PUT’NAM, WASHINGTON beneath,
 “ And gasping LEE fhall wifh to breathe
 “ § A Pint of PRIESTLEY’S Air.

XVI.

“ The Deed is done, thy Foes are dead,
 “ No longer England, fhalt thou dread
 “ Such Prefbytereian Huffers ;
 “ Thy Candle’s Radiance ne’er fhall fade,
 “ With now and then a little Aid,
 “ From PINCHBECK’S Patent-snuffers.”

§ This great Philofopher has lately difcovered a Method of fabricating a new Species of Air, of fo infinitely fuperior falubrity and duration to that vulgar atmofpherical Air, which for want of better we have been obliged to breathe for upwards of five thoufand Years, that it is to be fupposed that no Macaroni, Savoir Vivre, or in plain Englifh, no body that knows what’s what, will in future condefcend to refpire any Air, that is not fealed with the Doctor’s own Arms, and figned with his own Hand-writing. It is to be feared, however, that his Pneumatic Vials will be liable to be counterfeited, as our Philofopher has not Interelt enough at Court to procure a Patent. Indeed were fuch a Patent granted, it might fupersede Mr. PINCHBECK’S ; becaufe that in this Air a Candle is found to burn with fo bright and continued a Flame, that it could never want fuffing.

See Vol. II. of Dr. Priestley’s Experiments on Air.

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